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IT looks at the present moment and from a safe distance as if the attack on Lloyd George had failed; and so far as we can see it deserved to fail. In the House of Commons debate he certainly put up a successful defense, if not of the purely advisory functions of the new war council, at least of the Paris speech. The debate was an illustration of the strong strategic position which any but an extremely incompetent government occupies during war. Mr. Asquith's criticisms were guarded, furtive and halting. He and his party are not ready to speak out. The Prime Minister's reply was not precisely candid, but it was more candid than the speech of Mr. Asquith. It threw a great deal of light on the history of the war and the past and existing obstacles to coördination of military policy. It contained the profoundly encouraging announcement that on one recent day five German submarines had been destroyed. It justified in full the somewhat sensational emphasis of the Paris speech. Finally it indicated as the basis of the new mechanism of inter-Allied coöperation a thoroughly sound relation between soldiers and politicians, between strategy and policy. If the principles laid down by Lloyd George are accepted in good faith by the Allied governments and permitted to determine their future action, the inter-Allied advisory council ought to bring with it a sufficiently effective unity of command.

THE War Council is criticised chiefly because its functions are advisory rather than executive, because it leaves the power of actually issuing orders precisely where it has always been. Apparently both the American and French governments would have preferred a common inter-Allied staff of which the staffs of the separate governments would only be the agents; and manifestly this highly centralized kind of command would possess the best chances of winning a military victory. But everyone who believes in the subordination of military to political authority is entitled to question a mechanism of inter-Allied coöperation, which brings into existence a joint military authority without also bringing into existence a joint political authority. Much of the argument in favor of centralized military command is based on the dangerous idea that the task of winning the war can be left to the soldier alone and that the soldier should be wholly freed from political control. Many reactionaries in this country and abroad are seeking military centralization not as the agent of a common political program, but as a substitute for it. Yet if any attempt at such an unholy and unnatural substitution is made, it would in the long run stimulate discord among the Allies rather than bring about coördination. Lloyd George condemned it emphatically, in the following words: "Do not make any mistake. You want both policy and strategy. They are inextricably interwoven. . . . I am looking forward to the coöperation not merely between civilians and soldiers but between allies and allies."

IF the inter-Allied advisory war council fails as a mechanism of coördination, it will fail for one or both of two reasons. It may fail because the Higher Command of the several Allied nations

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cannot agree upon the strategic plan which offers the best chance of success. Since the beginning of the war there have been easterners and westerners among the soldiers as well as among the politicians; and so long as this controversy is unsettled, even a centralized general staff might be embarrassed by dissension unless its members were picked from one party. But assuming an agreement among the soldiers, there still remains the chance of a more serious difference of opinion among the several Allied governments. No government with a keen sense of responsibility to its own constituency could permit its army and its economic resources to be used for purposes which would be condemned by its domestic public opinion. The real problem, as we have repeatedly pointed out, is to secure unity of political purpose. As soon as an agreement on war aims can be reached so that a military advantage achieved at any part of the front will serve to promote common rather than special political ends, the really serious obstacle to military coördination will disappear. In that event the advisory war council would probably develop into a very useful mechanism of military coördination. It would probably lead to the centralized military executive which the newspapers are demanding with so much reason. For in that case the centralized military authority would be acting as the agent of an accepted common political program; and what would be still better, the joint military executive might bring with it a joint economic and diplomatic executive. This should be the ultimate goal.

WHEN President Wilson cabled to Colonel House insisting on the necessity of "unity of plan and control," he obviously had in mind something more far-reaching and fundamental than unity of military command. The announcement from London stated that the President desired such unity between all the Allies and the United States, because it "is essential to secure a just and permanent peace." This latest formula is, consequently, more candid and significant than any of its predecessors. Unity is declared indispensable not merely to win the war but to secure its ultimate political object of a just and permanent peace. The declaration is literally true. If this war is to be followed by a settlement which offers a better prospect of permanence and justice than previous treaties of peace, it will be only because the Allied enemies of Germany can reach an agreement upon the terms of such a treaty and are able to organize a joint military, economic and diplomatic administration of their common policy. They have talked much about representing international interests, but they have themselves been unwilling even during the stress of war to put into effect any efficient mechanism of coöperation. The time has come to redeem their words. What we need is a group of inter-Allied administrative institutions as an earnest and a prophecy of a subsequent group of international administrative institutions; and if we are to have such inter-Allied administration it cannot be confined to the military forces. It must be economic and diplomatic and the economic and diplomatic administration must be based upon an agreed political program. The Italian disaster has both emphasized the necessity for this drastic reorganization and removed the gravest obstacle to its accomplishment. The inter-Allied conference in Paris provides the perfect occasion. There is one simple way of obtaining the required inter-Allied administrative organs. The conference should not dissolve after agreeing upon the statement of war aims, for which, according to the United Press correspondent in London, President Wilson is using his influence, but should itself be perpetuated as the executive of its own policy. Its membership contains every ingredient necessary to a complete inter-Allied mechanism of administration.

WHY has the Austro-German offensive against Italy lost its initial energy? The line of the Piave, outflanked as it is by the Austro-German troops in the north, is not one that the Italians might be expected to hold against an army that drove them in flight from their mountain positions. What everyone has expected was that the Austrian and German forces would have much their own way until the line of the Adige had been reached. Perhaps the Central Powers are not eager, just at this time, to penetrate further into Italy. They have reached positions from which it would be hard to dislodge them, and have demonstrated to Italy at least that their power is not waning. We seem to be approaching the time for another peace move on the part of Germany, and if such a move is contemplated, it would be bad politics for Germany to sting Italy into savage hatred by extended wasting of Italian soil. Only on this hypothesis is it possible to explain the moderation of the German press in its comment on the Italian defeat. There was far greater jubilation in Germany over the fall of Riga, although the latter event, purely as a military achievement, was wholly insignificant as compared with the results of the Italian campaign.

KERENSKY'S secretary, who has escaped to Sweden, says a coalition Socialist government was formed in Petrograd not long ago, and did not last. Nothing lasts in Petrograd except chaos. Inasmuch as a strong minority of the Bolsheviki wants to go back to the Socialist groups, there will undoubtedly be other Socialist governments, coming

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and going. Cossack dictatorships, whether with Kaledines or some friend or rival on top, will probably take their turn. Little dependable news is coming out of Russia, and this little points all in the same direction. A situation that gets increasingly complicated, progressive disorganization in the army, a prolonged period of acute disorder taking local forms, a good deal of blind massacre—this is to be the immediate dark future in Russia.

FRANCE is not yet quite ready to let the Left run the war. That is the obvious explanation of a Clemenceau ministry. Before long something will turn up, some equivalent of the Bolo affair, and out he will go. The occasions for the falls of all the French war ministries are different, of course, but the cause is always the same. Questions as to the general management of the war are never far in the background: they are near and pressing. Meanwhile the number of influential Socialists who do not hold office is growing and will continue to grow. How long will it be before the Socialists are the preponderant party in the French Chamber?

IF sedition is taught in the public schools, it is the clear duty of the responsible authorities to apply the most drastic available means to its extirpation, but the teachers who have been suspended or transferred from the De Witt Clinton High School in New York appear not to be charged with teaching sedition. In the notice of suspension Principal Tildsley writes: "I have preferred charges against you for holding views which are subversive of discipline in the schools and which undermine good citizenship." In America a man is supposed to be free to hold what views seem good to him; only their promulgation can possibly constitute an offence. Moreover, the evidence upon which the charge of subversive views is based appears to have been gathered by Principal Tildsley through a personal inquisition in which the suspected teachers were forced to reply to a number of inquiries of the familiar "catch-question" type of the crafty and unscrupulous pedagogue. It is impossible to read the press reports of the quarrel without forming the suspicion that the educational authorities are availing themselves of the popular sensitiveness to any charge of sedition in order to discipline teachers who have interfered with their own bureaucratic designs. It looks as if Principal Tildsley had been commissioned to "get something on" teachers antecedently condemned. Only the fairest and openest trial can allay this suspicion of crooked dealing.

CLOSER relations between government and the railways would appear to be inevitable. We have already attained something approaching unity of operation for the period of the war, but it is now clear that we need more than this. A unity, of course, under government control, that extends to financial matters as well as operation, is suggested by Mr. Vanderlip. As matters stand some of our roads are prospering while others are in crying need of increased rates. Thus we are afflicted by an element of speculation and uncertainty which cannot be removed through mere rate regulation. Much more extensive combinations than we now permit would enable the railways to stabilize their finances, to their advantage and that of the public, and without danger of extortionate practices, since rates must be approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission. President Rea of the Pennsylvania would have the government extend aid in the war emergency through the use of its credit. Either plan would bring us materially nearer to government ownership. If the railways can be operated under unified control on private account, we shall ultimately find ourselves possessed of machinery that can operate them on public account. If the government undertakes part of the burden of financing the railways, it is moving toward the assumption of the whole burden of financing them.

COMPARED with the tremendous battles on the European fronts, the operations of the British forces in Palestine and Mesopotamia seem trifling indeed. History may well place a different appraisal upon the results achieved in these two fields of war. It is quite conceivable, for all the cost of life on European battlefields, that no great change will be effected in territorial status or relative political power. It is hardly conceivable that Palestine, Arabia and Mesopotamia, once wrested from the misgovernment of the Turk, will be restored to their former miserable condition. We may draw an analogy from the Seven Years War, which involved, like the present war, all the European Powers. Austria, France, Russia and Sweden were allied against Prussia which was supported with more or less zeal by England. The fighting in Europe was carried on upon what was for the time a tremendous scale. Incidentally operations proceeded in India and in America—the French and Indian War—that were hardly considered worth reporting in Europe. But the result of the European conflict was the restoration of the territorial status quo ante. The results of those minor operations in America and India were the establishment of the undisputed sway of the English speaking people in the North American continent and the firm foundation of the power of the British government in India.

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Recognition for Labor

THE Buffalo meeting of the American Federation of Labor was not spectacular or exciting, but it was in certain of its aspects highly significant and profoundly encouraging. It supplied the first symptoms of a fresh and hopeful impulse in the development of American labor unionism and prophesies a fuller recognition of its just claims on the part of the American nation. The proof of the larger recognition may be found in the startling behavior of the President of the United States. For the first time since the beginning of the war he journeyed far from Washington in order to address an influential group of his constituents, and the gathering which he went out of his way to address was not called by the National Security League, or the Associated Chambers of Commerce, or by the Bankers' or the Bar Associations. It was a national conference of the delegates of organized labor. Never before has such a conference been addressed by the President of the United States. Never before, but not never again. A precedent has been established. A new estate has been added to the American republic. Hereafter organized labor will have to be expressly consulted in the course of reaching and carrying out important national decisions.

In all probability the President did not wish to go to Buffalo. If he went it was because the necessities of his situation forced him at any personal cost to argue his case with this particular audience. Neither is it difficult to discern what these necessities were. Since he has begun the gigantic task of reorganizing American activity in the interest of better national service, he has met with many formidable obstacles. All the social and industrial disorders of the past are now coming home to roost, and are interfering each according to its nature and ability with the attempt to coördinate the national activities. The dangerous impediments to American success in the present war are not the pacifists and the pro-Germans, but the greed, the social irresponsibility, the personal extravagance, the moral exclusiveness, the intellectual arrogance, the systematic sacrifice of human to pecuniary values, which are the national fruits of our traditional profiteering economy. Because of these obstacles precious months have been consumed in barely beginning the task of cutting out some of the most flagrant wastes of the older system and of organizing a national munitions, food and fuel supply and transportation system. Many months must still elapse before the work will approach completion and priority can be secured for the essential national services. Yet difficult and indispensable as these phases of the work are, they have not called the President away from Washington. The most serious threat to the success of the work of coördinating and invigorating the war activity of the American nation has arisen from the difficulty of securing an abundant, continuous and willing labor supply. Every failing and every vice of the profiteering economy received their most complete and most costly expression in its treatment of labor; and the retribution has been correspondingly costly. The war found the wage-earners not only disaffected but with good reasons for disaffection in that the national economy had preferred cheap and sullen labor to the willing labor of good citizens. If the loyal coöperation of the workers was to be secured during the present war, something decisive had to be done to indicate the definite adoption of a new attitude and policy. The government had to recognize the existence of wage-earners as a class, with interests which were not safeguarded under the traditional economic and legal system. In going to Buffalo the President, with his usual eye for dramatic effect in a crisis, indicated with emphatic clearness his conversion to the new attitude and policy.

The President, of course, did not announce a policy of recognition in so many words. He did not expressly declare himself in favor of converting the unions into an official instrument of the national industry. But his trip to Buffalo, coming on top of the government's previous behavior, cannot have any other meaning. Ever since the beginning of the war the government, in its attempt to secure the coöperation of labor, has been obliged to recognize the union organizations, to adopt union standards, and to adjust disputes by means of negotiations with union officials. In so doing, it has acted on a policy to which nine out of every ten American employers are bitterly opposed, and which, whenever they get a chance, they are still stubbornly resisting. Employers have always been far more willing to grant, if they must, increases of wages and improvements in working conditions than union recognition, because, like all people who possess power over others, they are profoundly reluctant to abandon it. But when the government seized the reins of industry it was not bound to the same extent by class interests and blinded by class presumption. It needed an abundance of efficient labor. It could not get it, as the employers do in times of peace, by forcing laborers to compete against one another for jobs. It could not get it, as so many employers would like, by conscription. It could get it only by a policy which sought efficiency and continuity of labor through the cultivation of good will; and the quickest way in which good will could be cultivated was by granting to the wage-earners the status of an officially accepted body. It has not only avoided a class conflict by recognizing

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a class distinction, but it is winning a class concert by admitting class independence and claiming in return class coöperation. In spite of acute special and local difficulties which still remain to be overcome, more has been accomplished during the past few months to lay the foundations of the future democratization of American industry than during the preceding fifty years.

Because a new status is being granted to the organizations represented by them a significant change has already been effected in the policy and the attitude of the labor union leaders. In the past they have scrupulously abstained from any direct participation in politics. They have sought to extort concessions in legislation from the political parties, but they would not allow themselves to be captured and compromised by political ties and responsibilities. Such is no longer the case. The majority of the leaders of the federated unions have become informal government agents. Mr. Gompers himself, the arch-opponent of union participation in politics, is as much a state servant as if he were himself a member of the Cabinet. He is one of the half-dozen men who are consulted whenever an important decision in the field of domestic politics has to be made; and as a result of his new position and responsibilities, his attitude and policy have changed as much as that of the government. In order to reach the necessary immediate adjustment of labor disputes, he has conceded principles, such, for instance, as that of compulsory arbitration, against which he has fought all his life, and in order to prove his patriotism he has, like other political addicts, accommodated himself to many strange bedfellows. In the opinion of certain of his wellwishers he has carried his acquiescence unnecessarily far. He has certainly supported the government in denying rights to labor, such as that of being represented at the proposed Stockholm conference, which the spokesmen of labor in other countries have considered essential to labor interests. He has certainly allowed himself to be associated in public too much with men who have not ceased because of the war to be relentless enemies of labor emancipation. In fact, he has endangered his future influence with his own people by allowing himself to be so thoroughly house-broken, but under the circumstances his error runs in the right direction. He is gathering for his people a golden harvest, and he can afford to be generous to their benefactors. If labor unions are recognized rather than ignored or outlawed, their leaders will have to allow to political motives an unceasing weight. The unions will need statesmen as well as strikers and agitators.

The American labor unions will not be able to meet the new responsibilities imposed upon them by recognition unless they are willing to undergo a radical alteration in their organization, composition, tactics and strategy. Hitherto they have been essentially fighting bodies, which in spite of democratic professions, were seeking not so much to do away with the association between power and privilege as to obtain a privileged position for themselves. Pressed by the struggle for existence, they borrowed too much from their enemies and crystallized into a labor aristocracy. In order to husband their strength they limited their objectives, and by so doing limited their sympathies and the range of their vision. They actually represented the needs and ideas of only a small proportion of the wage-earning class. All this will no longer do. As a consequence of being recognized, they will be obliged to break down the barriers between themselves and their unorganized fellows; they will have to make a place in their organization for unskilled labor and work with and for it; they will have to organize on the basis of industries as well as crafts; they will have to assimilate some measure of middle class leadership and coöperation, and their leaders will have to be trained to bring political principles and methods to the solution of political problems. It will take a long time to effect this transformation. The American Federation of Labor is controlled by an Old Guard, which will not easily and quickly adapt itself to new opportunities and responsibilities. But if the Old Guard does not surrender it will have to be pushed aside. The wage-earners require a corporate policy, expressive both of their own common class interest and of a serviceable, harmonious relation to the other classes in the community; and such a policy can be worked out, but only as it is being worked out in Great Britain—that is, by attaching to labor unionism political methods and outlook.

The behavior of the delegation at Buffalo afforded certain prophetic indications of future participation in politics. The report of the Executive Council broke all precedents by outlining a foreign policy and by insisting on participation in the peace conference by labor delegates. But if American labor unionism is hereafter to participate in discussing and moulding the foreign policy of the nation, if it claims representation as a semi-independent estate in the international conference, it must do something to qualify itself for these great political tasks. It must not only make ready to study intensively the specific problems of the coming international adjustment, but it must indefinitely enlarge the area of its own constituency. Instead of speaking for a minority of skilled workers, the unions must qualify themselves to speak for the wage-earning class as a whole, and in order to speak for them as a whole the Federation of Labor must both in-

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crease its membership, diversify its organization and develop organs of political action. This work of reorganization cannot be very long delayed and the more alert labor leaders know it. That is why they will not wait a year before reassembling but are planning for another convention in the spring. By that time the American labor unionists will have come to realize the amount of internal reconstruction and expansion which is being forced upon them as a consequence of their virtual recognition by President Wilson and the government.

"When the Youngest Critic Has Died"

FLESH and blood were made to endure, but not to endure all things serenely. Hardest to endure, for the men who work and stagger under responsibility, is a constant dinning in the ears of advice and criticism from those who look on at a distance. Even the man whose work is nothing more than the construction of tribal lays yearns eagerly for the peace to come "when the youngest critic has died." What must be the feeling of the man who is responsible for an important part of the stupendous business of war-making, as, for example, the arming and equipment of our newly-levied hosts? Consider the one item of rifles. Immense numbers must be manufactured, and many are the materials that must be assembled and selected and tested. Many, accordingly, are the possible slips. Skilled men are required for the making, and skilled men are hard to find and harder to train. The responsible head of the service conceives plans for organization, coördination, acceleration, and transmits an impulse through his production machine, made up of chiefs and sub-chiefs, managers and clerks and assistants, some alive and energetic, some sluggish and inclined toward the perfunctory. As like as not the impulse grounds in dead wood or accumulates in a pigeonhole. It is necessary for the responsible head to try anew. In the meantime a roar of criticism has arisen to deafen and bewilder him. Our soldiers in camp have nothing like enough rifles to go around. They must execute rifle drills in relays, or resort to shovels, broomsticks and calisthenics. "We must put our faith in time," cries the harassed chief. "Time?" thunders the critic. "Time is the Kaiser's ally, not ours."

And the worst of it is that what the critic says is true. We are short of equipment, and the time we spend in getting equipped may play into the hands of the enemy. Before the public, the critic and his victim stand in the light of contestants, the one asserting failure to produce results, the other confessing, explaining, excusing. The critic need not take full account of the difficulties to be surmounted. He need not suggest in detail alternative methods that might prove more effective. He has won the case before the bar of public opinion when he has exhibited the disproportion between actual achievements and the national need. What refuge remains to the official whose work is criticised? Only the higher responsibility of his superior. If he is not doing his work, how is it that he is retained in his position? And thus the collective impact of all criticism of our war preparations, as of our military and political strategy, converges upon the center of ultimate responsibility, the President.

The President is ultimately responsible for our conduct of the war. If we arrive too late, or with forces inadequately trained or equipped, the blame for our defeat will fall upon the President. Nor does his responsibility end here. More and more, Frenchmen and Englishmen, Russians and Italians, Jugo-Slavs and Checo-Slovaks, are asserting that the outcome of the war will be determined by American action. If the war ends before the objects that history will pronounce attainable have been attained, the blame will rest with America and its President. If the war is prolonged for the sake of objects that are not attainable, or if attained, impossible of retention through the readjustment following the peace, the blame will rest equally with America and President Wilson. No other living man carries a weight of responsibility to compare with that borne by our President. A Kaiser may shift responsibility to his Chancellor. A Chancellor, observing ominous portents in the skies, may retire, thus shifting part of the odium of disaster upon a successor, who may in turn retire in time to escape a share of the loss. Just so the underwriters of a ship overdue may avoid part of the loss through reinsurance. All European statesmen can reinsure, but not President Wilson. He can lay down his responsibilities only with the expiring of his term of office, when the war no doubt will be over.

Let us listen for a moment to the dull roar of criticism assailing President Wilson's ears. We shall discern articulate questions in plenty. Why have we yet no workable plan for organizing our labor supply and placing the required amounts at the command of our most essential services? Why are we behindhand in our ship-building program? Why have we not faced and solved the problem of providing trained crews for the ships we are preparing to launch? Why did we fail to give adequate backing, material and moral, to the political elements in Russia that gave promise of a reasonable degree of governmental stability? Why did we not discourage the Italians from a military en-

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terprise bound to lead to disaster? There are more questions current, but there is no profit in repeating them. It is not disputed that any critic could ask more questions than seven President Wilsons could answer.

Are we to imagine that the man who bears for the time the chief responsibility in the world war maintains always a serene consciousness under the din of questioning and criticism? President Wilson is human, arrestingly human in the rare glimpses of his real personality that his fellow-citizens are permitted to catch. It is reported, unofficially and probably erroneously, that he has expressed a wish that all critics might be exported. In his heart he may well have wished at times that all critics were dead.

But no one knows better than the President that neither exportation nor death of the critics would bring more than a momentary respite to those who are overladen. Criticism has an essential function to perform and no statesman can safely dispense with it. If our war machine is not working perfectly, somebody ought to say it, say it so insistently that the whole people will be forced to take account not only of this fact but of the reasons for it. It will not do to go on the supposition that the official authorities will always anticipate the unofficial critics in the discovery of defects and will proceed forthwith to their removal. We have no official authority to whom we can more safely impute infallibility than the British had in Lord Kitchener. He was not a soldier-bureaucrat tied up in red tape, but an extraordinarily energetic, resourceful master of men. And yet he would not believe in high explosive shells. British soldiers perished uselessly upon entanglements that shrapnel could not destroy, yet Kitchener would not believe until the Northcliffe papers forced the issue. In so great an undertaking as our war there must inevitably be serious wastes and stupidities whose existence will never be made known to the President and the people and whose correction will not be undertaken at all if voluntary criticism repudiates its proper function.

Nor is this all. Wars never move according to prediction. We may have the best grounded expectations of success in a campaign we are undertaking, and yet fail in tangible results. Is it better for us to march serenely to failure, blinded by optimistic forecasts, or to be forced by the critics to take into account the chances of failure? Wars never end in the way even the wisest and most disinterested statesman promises. In the final outcome all promises must be pruned down to practicability. Shall we stop the mouths of the critics, who set up our hopes for us against the background of the practicable? If we do we shall experience the same enraged disappointment as the Japanese experienced when they learned how far the treaty of Portsmouth fell short of their hopes.

Criticism founded upon expert knowledge, criticism that takes into account all difficulties to be overcome, performs, as all will admit, a useful function. But what is the gain from captious, uninformed, often malicious, criticism? There is none. But even such criticism cannot safely be suppressed. Let us bear in mind that there is not a single hollow ruin of a dead-wood official who would not protest that criticism directed against him was captious, uninformed, malicious. Criticism is like a windstorm in a forest. It scatters some green leaves, it breaks a few useful branches, but the trunks it topples over are trunks that disfigure the living forest and infest it with decay.

Labor Supply

IS there a labor shortage? The phrase is on everyone's lips, and some editors are so frightened by it that they are beginning to demand not only the wholesale employment of women but the abolition of standard hours of work, and even industrial conscription. On the other hand, the American Federation of Labor, fearing this agitation, maintains stoutly that it is artificially fomented, that there is no net shortage. Local shortages are reported, to be sure, from many branches of industry and agriculture. At the same time men are constantly being laid off by employers whose business is suffering from the war, through lack of material or decreased demand for luxuries. When one thinks of the mechanics the Emergency Fleet Corporation will need to produce its 6,000,000 tons, or the skilled men wanted by munition makers, one is inclined, without looking further, to take a shortage for granted. It was recently estimated that the government and private plants engaged in war work needed at once about 400,000 more men than were available, and the public employment exchanges have been able to meet the demand only in the ratio of about four to seven. Yet who knows whether these men really do not exist, or are merely out of touch with the jobs?

The situation, whatever it is, will not be improved by charges and counter-charges. What is needed, in the first place, is accurate information and analysis. Our problem is to use the labor we have with the greatest possible efficiency. The supply cannot be increased by immigration, and the employment of women cannot do much to relieve immediately the most acute demand—that for skilled mechanics. Both English and American experience proves that the extension of hours re-

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duces rather than increases production. Until we distribute our labor properly, drawing it from the less essential to the more essential industries, reduce the number of men working on part time or waiting between jobs, and lower the enormous turnover percentage, we are not in a position to know how far we must rely on women's labor, or to apply conscription, even if on other counts it were advisable. It is estimated that through a lack of wise employment methods the turnover now averages 200 per cent for the whole country, and in some of the shipyards the percentage runs into the thousands. Our present labor supply, largely on account of mismanagement, is probably not making more than two-fifths of its possible contribution.

Our troubles in this regard, like most of our other industrial troubles in the war, are due largely to the rank overgrowth of competition unregulated by the national interest. Employers have always relied on an overstocked "labor market" and indiscriminate "hiring and firing" under sacrosanct "freedom of contract" in order to retain all the labor they needed at the lowest possible prices. We have never taken seriously the creation of national agencies to bring the man and the job together. Private employment exchanges, operating often with great unfairness to labor, are now proving useless, since they have in the majority of cases been neither efficient nor honest. The twenty-three state public employment bureaus have been regarded largely as charitable institutions, and with insufficient funds have been equipped to supply little but the lower grades of unskilled labor. The United States Employment Service, founded principally to take care of immigrants, has now only 94 offices, and by the last session of Congress was given an appropriation of only $250,000, although on any reasonable cost basis a national employment service would require millions. By great and commendable effort it placed 41,000 persons in August—a small fraction of the number called for. In the five weeks ending July 13th the British employment agencies placed 175,000. Now that the demand for labor seems to be larger than the supply, and is accompanied by the necessity of much shifting about, the lack of an adequate employment service plunges us into chaos. When the desperate need was that of the unregarded surplus laborer we ignored it. Now the need is that of the nation.

Our information is equally deficient. A creative policy of labor distribution would have to be based on a knowledge of how many men are engaged in the various important trades, where they are, and what they are working at. The Bureau of Labor Statistics not only has no such information, but is not equipped to get it. The Bureau has an exceptionally able chief and force, but Congress has never given it funds enough to do its proper work. The turnover statistics have not been published since 1914. The Bureau has to rely on the press even for its information about new strikes. To suggest that it make an immediate nation-wide survey—something we might have with profit in peace—is now, after six months of war, to commit a poor joke.

Without waiting for information, something can be done to improve the current distribution. Under the able direction of the Fleet Corporation, shipyards are developing modern employment methods. In each yard is to be established an employment manager, under whose supervision all hiring is to be done. All applicants for work will be referred to him, so that they may be set to the jobs for which they are best fitted. If insufficiently skilled, or skilled in a different trade, they may be sent to schools established within the plant, instead of being turned away. These schools are to be standardized, and workmen teachers for them are being trained at Newport News. The various jobs have been carefully analyzed, so that men taken from one trade may be trained for another with the least possible waste. Foremen who want more help must secure it through the employment manager. If men are discharged or released for any reason, they must report to the manager before leaving, so that if possible they may be directed to other work within the plant, or at least may be given a chance to find work in other shipyards through the federal employment exchange. The local manager therefore acts as a clearing house for labor, and through him it is expected that the turnover may be materially reduced, as it has been by similar methods during the past year at the Fore River yards.

This plan should be extended to all important industries. With the establishment of local employment managers, who deal in turn as far as possible through the United States Employment Service, we have the beginning of a rational machinery for labor distribution. It can be developed more rapidly if the next session of Congress grants the federal service anything like the funds it ought to have had long ago.

But the main question will still remain unanswered. The utmost economy within the plants will not relieve the demand for men from outside occupations. Shall we, as England did at the beginning of the war, pick up these men indiscriminately from all industries, thus crippling for a time some of the engineering and mechanical undertakings which, after our ships are built, will be just as essential as the ships themselves? You may get from the Shipping Board, from the De-

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partment of Labor, and from the American Federation of Labor, assurance that the need for men in shipbuilding is to be supplied. But ask anyone exactly where they are coming from, and he will be unable to tell you. A member of the United States Chamber of Commerce in a recent shipbuilders' conference spoke with evident approval of the work of a director who had succeeded in getting men for shipyards away from builders of cantonments. No one has been thinking much about priority in labor. Here is the same old lack of foresight that has been causing us so much trouble in the distribution of materials. Each department thinks first and last of its own needs.

Of course any action of the War Industries Board, through its Priority Committee, which discriminates in favor of essential industries in materials and transportation will also have some automatic effect on labor. Yet this automatic reflex is bound to be slow and clumsy, and if not subject to further direction will work hardship and delay both to worker and industry. Because we divert coal from a manufacturer of silverware to a manufacturer of chrome steel, we cannot expect the silver workers to go immediately into the foundry. A separate labor problem is involved, and separate means to solve it must be devised. And we cannot wait to muddle through to a solution. There is no reason why we should not deal with the question of labor shortage in the same thorough manner in which we are beginning to deal with the shortage of material. Labor is not, to be sure, a commodity, and men cannot be shipped about by decree—unless they are soldiers directly employed by the nation. Nevertheless, within the limits of voluntary action, many of the same principles apply, and labor as well as the country will be better off with an intelligent and practicable plan of distribution. Industrial conscription is both impossible and unfair except under a completely socialized state, but that is no reason why we should try to maintain the opposite fiction of completely haphazard hiring. If we had, in addition to a well developed system of employment exchanges, a thorough knowledge of our present distribution, there is no reason why we could not devise a system of regulated industrial volunteering.

No policy of labor priority can be laid down by the Council of National Defense or the War Industries Board, and no such policy can be followed by employment exchanges, without full and detailed information about the labor supply. This information must be recent, and it must not be abstracted statistics such as the census provides but in the form of an index capable of daily use in finding actual individual workers by name and address. There is just one way to make such an index quickly enough to be of use. That is by a national registration of men and women between sixteen and sixty. It can be accomplished by a system similar to that used in our military registration, standardized in plan and administration, but decentralized in execution. It would be a much simpler task than the military registration, because most of the troublesome elements of the draft—such as physical condition, dependents, and liability to conscription—would be eliminated. Such registrations, imperfectly and hastily planned, have already been completed by four states and, in spite of their clumsy execution, have been of great value in unforeseen ways. But a national registration, well planned and standardized, could now be undertaken with real success. No laborious statistical tabulation of results would be necessary. An electrical filing system would convert it almost overnight into a finding index of man-power, capable of use by employment agencies. It would furnish a basis for subsidiary registrations whenever the need arises. It would be helpful now, while our industries are being reorganized for war, and it would be helpful later, when they are being reorganized for peace.

Good employment management inside the plant, an efficient system of national labor exchanges, and a national index of labor—these are the three essentials for making the most of our labor supply by proper distribution. Cutting across the operation of any such system are other troublesome practices, such as competitive bidding on the part of employers, differing standards of wages in similar trades and the same locality, and resulting industrial disputes of all sorts. But that leads into the subject of the labor conflict and its adjustment, which demands another article.

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Labor in Convention

TWO visitors went to Buffalo and told the American Federation of Labor that it was not making the most of its opportunities, nationally and internationally. Mr. John Hill went representing the British Trades Union Congress. He told the convention of a conference held by representatives of Allied labor meeting in London. "We found," he said, "the national differences among us so great that to have gone to any International, particularly to have met those who were fighting against us, would have been against all our interests at that time. . . . We decided that we must first obtain something like general consent, general unanimity of aim amongst ourselves, and the Congress instructed the Parliamentary Committee to take these steps. Having done that, we entered a strong protest against the government's action in refusing passports to our delegates."

Mr. Hill is not over here to disintegrate public opinion. He officially represents the British labor recognized by his government. He asserts that "general unanimity of aim" among the Allies is essential to the winning of a peace that labor wants. What essentials did American labor formulate in its Buffalo convention?

It started with certain proposals which Mr. Gompers and the Executive Council had drawn up. They were liberal proposals. They went so far as to suggest the establishment of an international eight-hour day, an international child labor law, and the direct representation of working people in diplomatic affairs. The fundamental considerations were declared to be an international covenant for peace, governments to derive their power from consent of the governed, rights of small nations, no selfish political or economic restrictions, no indemnities or reprisals based on vindictive purposes, and no territorial changes "except in furtherance of the welfare of the peoples affected and in furtherance of world peace."

Essentially this is the program of the President, the early Russian revolutionary party, and the French Socialists. It is a program upon which a liberal government, at this stage of the war, may proudly stand. But for a liberal group which hopes to see its principles carried into the negotiations a liberal program is not enough. Mr. Hill, from the fund of his experience abroad, could have suggested that labor's program might have had the endorsement of Mr. Lenine and Lord Curzon, Mr. Trotzky and Mr. Roosevelt. Two men may agree that territorial changes should be made only "in furtherance of the world's peace," and still hold contradictory ideas of whether or not the world's peace would be furthered by the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France. Two groups may affirm the principle of "no indemnities based on vindictive purposes"—and yet fight on for a year because they could not concur in one another's definition of the word "vindictive."

Could American labor have attempted to deal specifically with Alsace-Lorraine and Bagdad and trade restrictions in South Africa and the hundred other considerations that will be factors in the settlement? No. But American labor expects to, at the future date when the peace congress is called. "It is of paramount importance," states the Executive Council of the Federation, "that labor shall be free and unembarrassed in helping to shape the principles and policies for the future." Free labor may be; but if it has not informed itself as to what "principles and agencies" are essential, it will certainly find itself embarrassed, when the time comes for a settlement, by an ignorance which will keep its sympathies from being effective. Organized labor might indeed win its demand for direct representation in the peace congress—and succeed in sending delegates who could somehow manage to grasp the intricacies of European economics between the day they sailed from New York and the day they sat down at the conference table. But, as the report of labor's Executive Council pointed out, a peace that will promise to have the best chance of success, because it has democratic understanding and endorsement, can be secured only "by diplomatic representatives responsible to the people." Delegates to a peace congress, whether or not they bear the credentials of organized labor, cannot be responsible to a constituency which is familiar only with the general terms that both sides must accept before the congress can even be summoned. Coal in Alsace-Lorraine, a road to Bagdad, autonomy for the Jugoslavs—these are not affairs which labor is accustomed to make plans for. But they are now being fought for. And they will monopolize the peace congress. What responsibility can the delegates to that congress owe unless their constituents have been given the means to react to various proposals of settlement?

The fine opportunity of the Buffalo convention was to begin supplying these means. It could vigorously have affirmed the need of democratizing discussion of war objectives, furnished the machinery for keeping such discussion among labor groups informed, begun an effort for what the British Trades

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Union delegates termed "a general unanimity of aim." Such a program, made the cause of organized American labor, would have added to the chances of achieving, and then holding, that sort of liberal peace which the Buffalo convention affirmed.

It is not hard to understand why the opportunity was not grasped. Public opinion has never been reassuring to the trade union movement in this country. Organized labor has always had to fear and to fight for its very existence. And particularly has it had reason to fear that in a time of war its hard-won concessions might be retracted. Labor needs a strategic position. It is patriotic. Its leaders feel that its patriotism must risk no suspicion. And anything which suggests that Allied war aims need unification is likely to be regarded by too large a section of public opinion as evidence of half-heartedness about the war. American labor has no secure position in the authority of government, direct and implied.

And this was the text of the second visitor at the convention, whose counsel ran counter to the Federation's plotted course. Mr. A. C. Townley came as representative of the Farmer's Nonpartisan League. As Mr. Hill advised labor to participate in international politics, so Mr. Townley recommended that labor go into politics at home. He saw no reason why the authority of government could not shortly be brought into labor's hands, by means of a coalition with the organized farmers.

Labor's reluctance to participate unitedly in politics is traditional. Yet I think the first effect of the Buffalo convention was to give the impression of a different approach to the question of government. War demands had brought a sense of the individual's responsibility to the state. They had also brought a sense of the state's responsibility to the individual. "This terrific war," declared the Executive Council's report, "must wipe out all vestiges of the old concept that the nation belongs to the government." In its Buffalo convention the American Federation of Labor was, I think, closer than it had been before to the idea of government as an instrumentality.

Several factors in addition to the significance of the President's visit made some change in attitude natural. For one thing the governmental machinery has grown so mighty that not to participate in directing it is to stand in danger of being its victim. Participation is a means of self-defense. This governmental power, moreover, has been shown to be capable of limiting prices and curbing profits. It has encouraged many labor leaders to think kindly of governmental regulation, and perhaps even ownership. Then there existed, among the delegates at the convention, an exceedingly favorable impression of the work that is being done in the West by the President's Commission to Investigate Labor Conditions. The Commission's activity in Arizona and on the coast has further destroyed any notion of identity between government and capital, and pointed to the advantages of a permanent investigating body. Finally, labor, individually, has already begun its participation in government. Hugh Frayne, Federation organizer, is sitting in the War Industries Board; James Duncan, of the Granite Cutters, has visited Russia as a diplomat; John White, of the Mine Workers, has a portfolio in the Fuel Administration; a dozen other officials of organized labor are, primarily for the reason that they represent organized labor, filling places of responsibility in government administrative boards.

Of course these considerations did not convert the Federation of Labor to a new position in politics as completely as Mr. Townley would have enjoyed seeing it converted. And evidence of a changed attitude was chiefly to be found informally, in conversations rather than in official procedure. Nevertheless even the most official procedure reflected a philosophy that was being made over. Neither in the convention nor outside of it was there emphasis on the once popular theory that in the conflict between capital and labor the government must necessarily remain neutral; on the contrary, such recent federal interference as that in the Arizona Copper strikes was thought to be friendly and valuable. In present problems, the shortage of labor, for instance, the government was welcomed into partnership with organized labor. "With the withdrawal of hundreds of thousands of men for military purposes there is necessity for readjustment in the industrial field. Effective employment agencies, under the control of the Department of Labor, coöperating with local agencies and associations, would be an invaluable adjunct to our war machinery." And when peace puts an end to the need of war machinery, labor and the government must together work out the problems of a new state. "When the war closes there will confront our government and our people problems the magnitude of which cannot as yet be even approximated, but they will be coextensive with the magnitude of preparation, prosecution, and maintenance of the country on a war footing. . . . Our organized labor movement . . . can make its influence the most potent factor in the coming reconstruction."

In England the organized labor movement is already moving for reconstruction. It has before it such reports as those of the Whitley Commission and of the Reconstruction Committee on Relations between Employers and Employed. Convinced that "industrial disfranchisement is as unjust as political disfranchisement," labor is preparing plans

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for a future that will be unhampered by many of the institutions and codes existing before the war. American labor lacks experience and the leadership which British labor has; but in its Buffalo convention it indicated a willingness to be part of the same movement. CHARLES MERZ.

Auguste Rodin

TAME enough it looks now, Rodin's bust of Madame V, done in the time of his early struggles, said to be very like, detested and refused by her family, bought later for the Luxembourg. Not without difficulty, in the light of his later work, can one go back and realize that then it was considered too brutal.

The history of this bust, rejected at first and afterward exalted, is Rodin's history. So far as sculpture would let him he put the spirit of his time into sculpture, and his time was slow to see, though it saw at last, in Rodin a true expression of its spirit. What concerned him most was a truly sculptural subject, most sculptural of all subjects, the human body. His mastery of the human body through the eye was so absolute that his work is best understood and best enjoyed by sculptors themselves. And at first he found almost all sculptors, as he still finds many of them, rebellious or silent. Even after he had become a master and a modern his modernity gave offence and his mastery was denied.

What the eye expects, and is disappointed by the absence of, are the things it has seen. Sculptors, hardly less than the public itself, are under the influence of sculptural tradition. Because Rodin's work was so little framed in any sculptural tradition, because he gave more than they looked for, because they looked for more than he gave—that is why he antagonized them. What has been must be. Drapery must be used as the Greeks used it, most notably in the Parthenon pediments, to enhance the beauty of the form underneath. Could anything break this law more flagrantly than the drapery in the Balzac, which serves only as a cloak to subordinate the flesh, and which through its movement and direction concentrates our attention on the head? And this Bourgeois de Calais, whose drapery is no pleasure, is hardly more than lines leading to the head and emphasizing the hands, is hardly more than a rag, an expression of poverty and humility. Silhouettes and outlines must remind one of the Greek, and there is nothing Greek about Rodin's. A nude must look like a body accustomed to being nude out of doors: Paolo and Francesca, the two nude figures in Le Baiser, are people of today who wear clothes, and whose feet have long been broken to shoes. Monuments to great men must be noble: never look at that Balzac.

Rodin gave more than people looked for. He gave them, among other things, intentions which sculptors did not and do not care for, and which he has taught a recalcitrant public to admire with misunderstanding and extravagance. He has fed this misunderstanding by the names he has given his works—L'Age d'Airain, Le Penseur, La Pensée. Did Rodin think of calling Le Penseur by its name before he set to work on the statue? Even if he did not the figure undoubtedly came to mean for him, preoccupied in later life as his talk recorded by Paul Gsell shows him to have been with abstractions, just what it would have meant had he from the outset intended a figure that could exactly be called Le Penseur. Even if such was his earliest intention, the statue proves, to anybody who knows, really knows, how to look at it, that while at work his interest was altogether in doing those muscles so tense, although the figure is sitting, and not at all in the nature of that effort of concentration which held them tense, and which might but need not be Thought. The two nudes in Le Baiser are supposed to be Paolo and Francesca. The vice of such a naming is that it arouses expectations which are not fulfilled, that it distracts attention from what Rodin has actually done. Let your eye follow that shadow along the modelling revealed by the meeting of light and shade—no sculptor could look at the course of that shadow without joy. To render the meeting of flesh and flesh was one of the strongest of Rodin's later interests, and that no sculptor ever rendered it better the Cupid and Psyché in the Metropolitan is of itself enough to establish.

A paradox which is true of Rodin may easily be stated. Attracted by his titles and misled by them, his public has read into his figures all sorts of intentions and significances which may have been in his mind before he began work, or which may have been afterthoughts, but which were not in the work itself. Even sculptors, repelled and misled by his titles, have been slow to realize this. Whether his intentions were starting-points or afterthoughts is a question for biographers, still more for psychologists, and probably answerable by neither. Whatever his meanings were and wherever he got them, and no matter how great the importance that has been attached to them by eulogists, by detractors, by Rodin himself, the fact is that when once he was at work the same intention always governed him: to see what was before him and to model what he saw.

All Rodin's interests were subordinate to the interest of his eye. None of his intentions, whether of rebellion, of social pity, of revealing the present

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in the deepest past, ever dictated to him what he should see. Skill of hand never dictated to him, as it has sometimes to other French sculptors, what he should represent. He had a master's skill of hand, which he used never for the joy of using it, but only because it was adequate to express what he saw. In La Vieille Haulmière it is clearly the forms that interested him, not their ugliness but the fact of their existence. Look at his portraits—don't you feel it almost as an accident that the forms are so expressive of character? Even if they had happened to be inexpressive would not Rodin still have set them down as he saw them? Or take the deformations in some of his later groups, so unlike the deformations several more modern artists resort to, Rodin's being suggested by life itself, genuine exaggerations of life, never aberrations invented in the mind to express an idea. And they are equally unlike those deformations of an earlier more naïve art, which seem to spring from a spiritual necessity, to have been forced on the artist, in defiance of what his eye saw in nature, by some pressure of the spirit to get itself translated into form. No mind so active and so intentional as Rodin's ever dictated less to the eye.

And yet, although Rodin's intentions, as they may be identified by his titles, have obscured his clear determination to add nothing to the truth as he saw it, and although these recorded specific intentions are often quite unfulfilled in his actual heads and figures and groups, the world quite rightly takes Rodin for an expression of the spirit which only a little while ago was modern. A keener interest in more and more aspects of humanity, a readiness to find more and more kinds of men and women worthy of plastic representation, a preference for expressiveness to traditional beauty, a love of life because it is life—by these tokens we may know Rodin for a modern of the moderns in his day, who made the spirit of his time incarnate in marble and bronze. Like every artist who begins by outraging our love of the familiar, he ended by forcing some of us to revise our definition of beauty. Even those who most passionately deny that his beauty is beauty can never see quite as they would have seen if Rodin had not lived. He makes them less at ease in presence of the conventionally noble, even when excellent in its kind, reveals a humanity which cannot reach us through the conventionally noble without an effort. Those wrappings of nobleness hid something from us. Was it truth?

Rodin was a man of abounding vitality. When I saw him, a few years ago, in his studio at Meudon, I noticed, of course, that his skull was small in relation to his mask, and noticed with surprise the subtlety, so unexpected in that type of head and face. But the wonderful thing about him was a kind of golden fire, a fire of energy, of life, in his eyes. The last thing he showed us that day was some pink marble, very lovely, which he had just got all there was of, anywhere. He thought of himself as old and broken, even then, and there he was counting on that marble, on what he should do with it.

GEORGE HUMBER.

Governmental Housing

THE imminence of governmental housing in this country was indicated by a recent Washington announcement predicting the early appointment of a commission "to solve the housing problem" and that the solution would ultimately require many millions of dollars. It was also stated that employers were offering to invest dollar for dollar to build houses for sale on the installment plan, and that some municipalities were ready to secure the government with land against possibility of loss. An investigation by the labor committee of the Council of National Defense had established the fact that munitions production is seriously handicapped by the want of houses to accommodate the additional laborers who are needed and would be available if they could be housed.

This announcement was at once both promising and disquieting. It was promising first because it presaged the immediate adoption of that essential policy which has characterized all successful European war-housing programs, i. e. governmental cooperation. With governmental aid a solution becomes possible that can reach not merely the higher classes but all classes of our industrial workers. It was promising also because of the prospect of that fine quality of coöperation between labor and government which will make for patriotism as well as for maximum war product. It was promising, because it gives evidence that private capital has at last thrown up its hands, realizing that the housing of industrial workers is beyond its ability, and that, at least in these difficult times, housing becomes most properly a governmental function. It is promising because it justifies the hope that such governmental coöperation may permanently supplant private capital, with its futile or inadequate efforts, its repeated and long-standing failure to deal constructively with this great national problem.

Yet this news was also disquieting because of the definite evidence it contained that the hopeless individual-home-ownership-policy was already being advanced as a matter of course, and that interested employers of labor were much more likely to have a major though indirect influence in determining the

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governmental housing policy, than labor, whose larger interests would unquestionably be more vitally affected by the policy finally adopted. The program for a genuine solution of the housing problem ought not to be prejudiced through the complications involved in the introduction of the interest of the employing class, nor by the acceptance of any preconceived housing policy without an exhaustive analysis and examination to determine its value primarily from the standpoint of labor welfare and governmental war purpose.

Practically all American housing efforts for industrial workers have resulted from the direct efforts of the employer. His interest lay primarily in the economic advantage that the location of a near-at-hand labor supply afforded. Moreover, the early policy of factory owned dwellings was an immense advantage in time of strike when the power of eviction could be employed at least as a threat. The later program of individually owned houses often tied the employee financially to the community in which he lived, thereby tending to the advantage of his employer by maintaining the quantity and stability of the existing labor supply. The employer has not been and is not likely to be a disinterested adviser and there is no reason for expecting disinterested advice from him in the matter of the proposed housing policy.

But it is not alone the interests of the employee that are working toward an unsatisfactory solution of the problem of governmental housing. Many housing reformers, professional men as well as laymen, will genuinely though sentimentally urge that the only truly American policy is that of individual-home-ownership and that this policy is the only one fit for American workmen. Yet it is a fact that there have been but two widely employed means of providing homes for workmen and that both of these have been used primarily with a view to the personal advantage of their sponsors. They are first, the well-to-do manufacturer or corporation, and second, the speculative real estate developer.

The employer has obviously, as I have indicated, a selfish interest. To the employer the social welfare of his employees will always be of only secondary importance. As for the real estate developer, it must at once be granted that his motives are selfish and scarcely concerned beyond immediate prospects of profit. Besides he has never even attempted to bring housing advantages to the average or lower paid workers but has confined himself to a limited number of the better paid artisan class.

We have but to examine the results of the private housing activities of the last twenty-five years to convince ourselves that we have been on the wrong track. We shall find not one construction example that can be repeated to the advantage of all classes of workers. We shall find not one that has even approached the problem of the housing of the low paid classes. We shall find not one case where social ideals are given more than a superficial consideration in community design.

Still further evidence of the futility of the individual-home-ownership policy is afforded by the fact that even in small manufacturing cities the number of all inhabitants owning their own homes is less than fifteen per cent. This indicates the economic limitations of the policy, for if in small towns the policy of home ownership for the worker is not economically successful, what can we expect for it in larger manufacturing centers where land and building costs are proportionately higher?

One might quite as justifiably expect successful results from efforts of each worker to install his own water supply system or to build the street in front of his house as to expect social and economic results from their independent efforts, in the far more complicated and difficult problem of individual home development, maintenance and ownership. No, it is especially hopeless to expect such results from independent action by that part of our manufacturing population who need flexibility of movement, who are individually without adequate financial resources or qualifying experience. Collectively, however, all things desirable in home development now become potentially possible with the promise of governmental coöperation.

If American precedents in housing can be used only as warnings rather than as guides for determining housing policies, what of English progress and English examples? As long ago as 1888 the first English society was organized for securing the collective advantage of coöperative efforts. This little pioneering group of public spirited men were not manufacturers or developers. They named their society the Tenant Coöperatives. Its sole purpose was to secure the greatest housing advantage for its beneficiaries of which their joint collective efforts seemed to give much promise. But fortunately for them no such conflicting interests or motives obtained in this effort as have invariably characterized American projects.

Briefly the essential features of the program for the first time adopted in England were the collective purchase of land and the collective building of homes with capital so well secured by the tenant share holders' stock purchase, the land and the houses, that it economically justified the limiting of the return on the capital to a mere interest rate—thus making possible a larger refund to the tenant share holders of the community earned increment, and this was merely a matter of a deduc-

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tion of the interest and maintenance charges.

There was thus secured to this and other societies, through this principle, adequate capital. Later governmental funds became available and at the minimum cost while the large savings through wholesale land purchase and house building were effected to the great benefit of the tenant members. Many other advantages were secured such as a community designed as a unit from both the æsthetic and social standpoints. This is only a brief of the famous copartnership plan, upon which fundamental policy town after town and suburb after suburb of genuinely progressive social and beautiful model communities have increasingly year by year been created throughout England, and thus far without one single failure to record. Each new undertaking has created a higher standard, and a more marked success, a success which is now so permanently and so intimately associated with those world famous names of Letchworth, Hampstead, Bourneville, not to mention hosts of others of lesser import.

This long successful experience has qualified the British government to meet promptly and socially their enormous problem of war housing. This experience has enabled them to command the confidence and the respect of their organized labor in such a large measure as has resulted in a wholehearted coöperation of organized labor in partnership with the government. This partnership has already resulted in the production of more than 400,000 houses of quality since the war began, and makes certain that it will be able to produce the million more homes projected to meet the huge after-war industrial necessities.

It is such results that we have a right to demand from our government if it undertakes a policy of governmental housing. The commission to have charge of its work will be responsible for setting precedents for peace as well as for meeting immediate war needs. Everything depends upon the personnel of such a commission. If it is created out of the architects, contractors, real estate operators and other special interests responsible for our past failures we can expect little progress. What we need is men who are open minded and social minded, men who realize that the foundations of the future are not to be laid in the traditions of the pre-industrial past.

ROBERT ANDERSON POPE.

Traitors

I PROPOSE that the word traitor be abolished. I am for the war. I am for continuing the war until the armies of the German Imperial Government are beaten in the field—not in a council-room—in the field. I am a bitter-ender. Just the same, I propose that the word traitor be abolished, out of all our speakings and writings.

What is a traitor? A traitor, I gather, from usage, is a person who goes counter to the will of his country in war. That usage is decisive. It gives the word its color and its scope, fixed. La Follette, Hillquit, thousands of others, are going counter to the will of their country in war. They are traitors. They are called so every day, multitudinously. Very well. They are traitors. But what does this prove about their merits? Nothing. The most manifest facts of universally known history show that it proves nothing.

Let us remind ourselves for a moment, for instance, of our school-days' friend, Robert Fitzwalter. An Englishman, he went to France and persuaded a French army to invade England. He offered the crown of England to a son of the French king. He helped the son of the French king to capture London. So did a large number of other Englishmen. They had refused to pay taxes for a war against France. They had refused to give their persons to a war against France. Instead of fighting the French king, they fought the English king. They came upon him at a certain place between Staines and Windsor. The name of that place is, let us remind ourselves, Runnymede. What they got there, what they went there to get, is called, even today, Magna Carta. They got it in course of refusing to support a foreign war and they retained it by calling in a foreign foe. Were they traitors? Manifestly. And they established, by treason, and only by treason, the most gripping of all precedents of civil and political liberty, first for the people of England and then for all peoples. So we knew in our school-days. So we were taught. The treason of the barons of England against King John, the commonest of political commonplaces, was commonly and ever spreadingly the foundation of that sense of liberty without which today we should not, we could not, have the insight or the inclination to fight William the Second to the death.

It means nothing, then, we must admit, to say that a man is a traitor. We must say: He is a bad traitor. Or: he is a good traitor. Fitzwalter was a good traitor. Who was a bad traitor? Well, a bad traitor would be a man whose treason was

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for a bad cause. Let us say, Robert E. Lee. He rebelled and he rebelled in a bad cause. Robert E. Lee was a bad traitor. Was he? Not one person out of a hundred, reading these lines, but will flinch, physically, from any such set of words about Lee. Lee bad? We have stationed him, in metal, on his horse, on the soil of Pennsylvania, on the field of Gettysburg; and he looks across the "wheat-field" at the ridge beyond, at Meade facing him on it, still; and we all go, northerners and southerners, and bow to both; and there are more of us, even of the North, who are touched in our hearts for Lee. He was a supremely good man. He was, we would have to say, a good bad traitor.

But then the word begins to become ridiculous. Good traitors. Bad traitors. Good bad traitors. And, for that matter, bad good traitors. Fitzwalter was one. He was, in the present language of his countrymen, a rotter, personally. At any rate, such was his reputation. Yet he worked well for England and for the world—a bad good traitor. Wherefore, instinctively, feeling a great difficulty, though not acknowledging it, we dodge the word traitor, we suppress it, we abolish it temporarily, whenever we see it happening to fit a good man or a man whose work was good and whenever, most especially, we happen to see it fitting a good man whose good work was, or is, a national advantage to the United States.

I have never heard any American say traitor to Lord Pitt, to Lord Frederick Cavendish, to Augustus Keppel, to Harry Conway, to Sir Jeffrey Amherst, to the Earl of Effingham, all of whom, though officers in the armed forces of His Majesty George the Third, refused, along with many other such officers, to bear arms against their rebelling and therefore "traitorous" fellow subjects in America. Effingham was thanked for his refusal, for his resignation from the British Army, by the Corporation of London. I have never heard any of us for that reason say traitor to the Corporation of London. And I have never heard any of us, in the course of this present war, say traitor to Liebknecht. Why? What is Liebknecht? From the prison into which the German Imperial Government has put him, his acts and his words bear just one genuine interpretation: Germany, his country, must be, in the interests of the workers of the world, defeated. Is that treason? Could anything be more fully treason? La Follette and Hillquit might be said to be patriots in comparison with Liebknecht. La Follette and Hillquit do not demand the defeat of the United States. They demand simply peace. Liebknecht, in effect, in clear effect, demands the defeat of Germany. And we applaud him. He is a hero, in America. And, in truth, surely he will come to be a hero everywhere. On the roll, all too short, of good German traitors he has a lustre entitling him to be remembered in company with the array, the happily long array, of good traitors, good revolutionary traitors, English and American.

At this point, however, we think up an answer. King John, King George, the Emperor William, despots all. It is one thing to go counter to the will of a country governed by a despot. It is another to go counter to the will of a country governed by the elected of the people. But we know, at once, that this answer is an evasion, a fallacy. I pass over the American statesmen who went counter to the will of their country continuously throughout the war of 1812 with Britain and continuously throughout the war of the 'forties with Mexico; and I pass over the British statesmen who went counter to the will of their country continuously throughout the war with the Boers; and I come to a contemporary possibility. I propound it to those of us who are most in favor of this present war against Germany and who, therefore, as a group, are readiest to damn all opponents and to prove them wrong by the mere assertion of their treason, by the mere iteration of that dangerous, that misleading and enslaving, word traitor.

I imagine the Bolsheviki supreme in Russia. I imagine them supreme, with a majority. They are the government. They win out, we will say, by a thousand votes out of millions of votes. Millions of Russians remain, we will say, who want to see the eastern front defended. But the Bolsheviki are the government, elected. They bring the fighting on the eastern front to a stand-still. They produce an armistice there. Hundreds of thousands of German and Austrians troops are flung from the eastern front to the western and fall there upon the troops of Italy, of France, of Britain, upon our own troops, our own boys. Kerensky, we will say, is alive and in the field. He will be able, we will say, to break through the power of the Bolsheviki and to restore to the fighting-line all Russians who wish to fight, if, and only if, he adopts a certain way of doing it. That way, just for the sake of argument, we will imagine to be the bringing of French and British veterans into Russia by Archangel in the summer time. Then he can upset the Bolsheviki, the elected Bolsheviki, by force. Then he can man the eastern front with the Russians who wish to fight. He can save Europe, he can save the world, by bringing a foreign force into his own country to break his own country's elected will. He does it. I defy the most patriotic American, I defy the American most wedded to ideals of iron loyalty, to say that in his judgment the mass of us, who are in favor of this war, would disapprove. He knows very well that

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we would applaud. We would say: "Those wretched Bolsheviki! Madmen! Serves them right!" We would hail Kerensky as Russia's Deliverer, Russia's Emancipator. He would be one of the greatest traitors that ever lived and we would poke our heads into the sands of our mental servitude and, instead of calling him a splendid traitor, worthy of a seat in the sky a bit higher than Fitzwalter's, we would pretend that he was no traitor at all.

It becomes impossible, that word traitor. It covers so much. By usage, by apparently inextinguishable usage, it covers everything from Benedict Arnold to Jane Addams, from one of the most abominable to one of the most beautiful characters of our public history. It spreads itself now in a cloud over our whole land, obscuring everything, distorting everything. Looking through it at La Follette and Hillquit and the rest we miss the whole genuine reason for our opposition to them. We do not think them wrong, really, because they are going counter to their country's will. We have to admit that we know instance after instance of men who have gone counter to their country's will and whom we approve and revere. We think these men wrong for a quite different reason. We think them wrong because, in our judgment, they are going counter to *world*-right and giving their aid to *world*-wrong. We think them wrong for a reason utterly transcending any fragment of the human race, any fragment of God's thought among men. That is why we think them wrong. But to prove them wrong in that way, to their neighbors, might often take a little time, a little toil. So, in exasperation, we try to choke the speech out of their throats, instantly, indiscriminately, with the fiat of a parish of the world, with a traitor's halter.

We do it honestly. Some of the honestest men I know do it. I have done it myself. But what do we also do, at the same time, inevitably? If we will only stop for one moment to think about it, it is so clear what we do. We suffocate the sense of world-right and of world-wrong, the sense which is the completion and the only completion of the individual conscience, the sense of unity with all God's creatures to whom He has given souls, in company with whom, and only in company with whom, in the body of the faithful, we find God, who is not a German God and not a Japanese God and not a British God and not an American God, but Man and God—we suffocate that sense in the minds and hearts of millions of impressionable persons, particularly young persons, growing up. We teach them that the will of the State is the final and the binding will, for thought and for speech as well as for overt act. We quench in them, to promote a good war, the power of resenting and arresting a bad war. We prepare them, against the day when we may wage a bad war, to remain silent and consenting while we go on with our new world-strength to accomplish a world-iniquity.

And we do more. We teach our fellow citizens, whom we are now opposing, a fatal lesson. If it is wrong, in itself wrong, for a man to demand peace when his country's will is for war, why may it not be wrong, in itself wrong, for a man to demand war when his country's will is for peace? To continue in a peace is often just as important to certain people as to continue in a war is to certain other people. Just as important, just as vital. With such people in a majority we should have a new and quite possible extension of the meaning of the word traitor. A traitor would be any person who, though with no overt act at all, demanded, by thought and speech, a war. I say it is quite possible. The Bolsheviki have begun on it already. They affect freedom. But they have plastered all Russia with the word traitor. Anybody who is opposed to their ideas, anybody who wants to fight, really fight, is a traitor. They seem to adore the word. And the first thing they did, when they got on top, was to go and close down all the Kerensky newspapers. They had learned their lesson. They had learned it from, among others, Nicholas Romanoff.

It is an easy lesson to learn. We could learn it in this country quite quickly. Two years ago the declared will of our elected representatives was clearly a will toward peace. Certain of us had a will toward war. Among the persons suspected of this will was Theodore Roosevelt. I followed him.

I do not follow him in all his moods but I find that I am always following him in the mass of his acts. I shall go down to my grave believing that he was the greatest of all the men of my times, for action. He could sit in at an Inter-Allied Conference and produce a United Political and Military Front, beyond any other man that lives, and I wish he were doing it. He could knock the heads of Britons and Americans and Frenchmen and Italians together, as he knocked the heads of capitalists and proletarians together in the anthracite coal-fields, faster than anybody else. He is the supreme man for that supreme job. Send him, Mr. Wilson, send him.

Anyway, two years ago, Theodore Roosevelt was strongly suspected of a will toward war. He was advocating large numbers of weapons of war and he was advocating resistance to aggression, and there was aggression. Enough. We need only go just a bit farther along the line of our present effort to solidify our whole thinking population into a uniform uncivilized tribal mass, and we shall

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reach the point at which, in such circumstances as I have mentioned, we shall see a "free" "people's" government closing down the Metropolitan Magazine and stamping Theodore Roosevelt out of print. It is "seditious" now, according to Post Office officials, to say that the United States has been plunged into a dishonorable war through a corrupt control exercised over its government by Wall Street. It will be "seditious" then to say that the United States has been kept in a dishonorable peace through a corrupt control exercised over its government by grafting officials of the Trade Unions and of the Farmers' Non-Partisan League. Anybody who says it will be a bloodhound, a plotter against his country, an enemy to the State, a civic outcast, a traitor.

I suggest, most respectfully, that this word be dropped by all of us forthwith. It is a word that begins by putting our fight with the peace-people on a false ground. It is a word that makes us travel, on that ground, to a national training in the instant acceptance of local man-made right, irrespective of universal right, in any crisis, no matter how universal and spiritual. And it is a word that then, further, makes us travel to a multitude of utterly unnecessary repressions (such as that of the New York Call) which do not prevent one single overt act of any consequence against the war and which have just one practical result: the establishment of precedents of mental servitude, precedents just exactly as available to the radicals as to the reactionaries. It is a word that is the supreme symbol, and one of the strongest stimulants, of the sort of patriotism that is a reminiscence of the feudal, and a prophecy of the servile, state. Drop it, bury it, I say.

WILLIAM HARD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Yes or No, Mr. Hillquit

SIR: I notice in your columns an allusion to Mr. Hillquit's claim that the sort of peace he aims at is a "general" peace. In an article of mine in your columns I called Mr. Hillquit an "international anarchist" and a "benighted conservative," simultaneously. I thought he would at any rate appreciate the charming wit of that double stroke; and I also thought that he would appreciate the many very nice things I said about his personal character. He did not, in any notable degree. Such is always the fate of journalists with celebrities. You write that Mlle. Pellagra is the most beautiful person on the stage and that her shoes were ugly, and she writes back all about the shoes. She knew that she was the most beautiful person on the stage already. So with Mr. Hillquit. He concentrated on my criticisms. And I admit that I should have to withdraw certain of them, and in particular those phrases "international anarchist" and "benighted conservative," much as I am attached to them, if Mr. Hillquit is indeed seeking a "general" and not a "separate" peace. But I am far from convinced that he is not in favor of a "separate" peace. I contend that if a man is in favor of courses of action which would keep the United States out of the war or which would put the United States out of the war, if he is in favor of the equivalents of a "separate" peace, he is properly chargeable with being in favor of a "separate" peace itself. I therefore ask Mr. Hillquit three questions, publicly, and I ask him to answer them. They can be answered in a total of three words:

One. If you had been a member of Congress on April 6th of this year would you have voted for war against the German Imperial Government?

Two. If you were a member of Congress now would you vote for appropriation bills for guns and shells to be used against the armies of the German Imperial Government?

Three. If there were a referendum on withdrawal from the war, which way would you vote? Your political party, of which you are one of the most influential leaders, denounced our entrance into the war. It preferred the state of things existing on the day before our entrance into the war. I assume that the referendum is so worded as to mean a simple return to that state of things, with no further pledges from either side. It is so worded as to mean a sheer separate withdrawal, without qualifications. "Shall we get out?" Which way would you vote?

I think these questions are perfectly fair and I think that many people who have been a bit puzzled by Mr. Hillquit's observations on a "general" peace and a "separate" peace, would be interested to know how he would answer them.

WILLIAM HARD.

Washington, D. C.

Government Housing

SIR: I should like to call attention to the need of an adequate government program for the housing of new employees of shipyards, munition factories, etc. A committee of the Council of National Defense has reported favorably on the building of such houses by the government, but congressional action is needed, and the President should be made to feel that public opinion would be behind the government in undertaking this radical policy.

As president of the Newburgh Shipyards, Inc., engaged in building steel ships for the government, I have had enormous difficulties to contend with in securing enough labor to come to Newburgh, N. Y., on account of the great shortage of houses there. In the next two months we shall need two thousand more employees properly to man our shipyard, and there is not a vacant house in Newburgh in which to put them. The same conditions, or worse, are present at many other shipyards and munition factories. For efficient operation of the industries, the workmen must be taken care of in decent houses.

Private capital cannot be expected to build these houses now. England met a similar situation last year by appropriating fifty million dollars for government housing projects. At least a hundred million dollars is needed immediately in America for the same purpose. This will not be a Socialistic venture; it will be a war measure of the utmost importance.

THOMAS C. DESMOND.

New York City.

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After the Play

EVERYBODY remembers The Gay Lord Quex, an eighteen-year-old one-act play, preceded by two acts and followed by a fourth. Sitting in the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, a few nights ago, watching Miss Illington and Mr. Drew revive this play, I fell to wondering why they couldn't. They were doing well. Miss Illington, who grimaced a little in the first two acts, who seemed for the moment to believe in the all-work-and-no-play-of-feature theory, was awfully good in the Great Scene. Her features, so unquiet before the storm, were quieter when the storm came. Her voice lost its mannerisms. I stopped seeing her as a trained actress. I succeeded in seeing her as a human being in a tight place. Mr. Drew was good all the time, in his workmanlike way, showing a finished mobile surface on top of strata of stolidity. But somehow, to my feeling, The Gay Lord Quex didn't altogether come off. Why not?

Years ago, when he was Mr. Pinero, Sir Arthur Pinero wrote an article or delivered a lecture on Stevenson as a playwright. The central assertion he made, grouping his detailed acute remarks about it, was that Stevenson did not take the stage seriously enough to write good plays. Sir Arthur, if I remember his contentions at all accurately, seemed to believe that taking the stage seriously was an affair of the will, and seemed to disbelieve what everybody would now admit, that Stevenson could not have taken the stage seriously if he had tried. Stevenson had no eye for its special difficulties, by meeting and overcoming which a man learns how to say his say in the theatre, helped and not thwarted by what is unalterable in the conditions he finds there. Well, Sir Arthur Pinero's success and failure as a playwright may be explained in a dozen words: He has taken the stage too seriously and life not seriously enough. He has forgotten that nobody can know the stage unless he knows something else equally well. He has not believed that queer things happen to the observer who can never observe without one eye on the theatre.

Two grave accidents, which befell Sir Arthur when he was between thirty-five and forty, changed the course of his life. Until that time he had written sentimental plays, like Sweet Lavender, where he was not called upon to exert himself by pulling any of the heavy and the weary weights of all this unintelligible world; and farces, such as The Magistrate, The Schoolmistress and The Cabinet Minister, for which he had no occasion to borrow anybody's ideas or anybody's observation or anybody's frame of mind, his private first-hand stock of these commodities being quite good enough for his purposes, then in their innocent youth. This state of innocence was not, alas, to last. The two accidents happened. In 1889 The Profligate was played for the first time, and in 1893 The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. Critics said, and meant it, that the author of The Profligate was a serious and daring thinker. Critics said, and meant it, that the future of the Problem Play was in the keeping of the man who wrote The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. Do not blame the critics. At that remote epoch English plays appear to have been ignobly vapid and ignobly timid. The very names of the men who were then writing successful plays for the British and American market have perished, though some of the men themselves are still alive. Small wonder that even the least enthusiastic critics said of Arthur Pinero in 1890 about what Dr. Johnson said in 1770 of Arthur Murphy: "I don't know that Arthur can be classed with the very first dramatick writers; yet at present I doubt much whether we have anything superiour to Arthur."

Even good critics, however, even men whose opinion mattered, went ever so much further than this. It was in the early nineties that William Archer, whom The Profligate had tempted, was seduced by Mrs. Tanqueray. He said Dumas the younger might have signed the play, and his words encouraged hopeful men and women to go up and down London declaring Pinero to be a European dramatist of equal rank with Dumas. Then came The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, with Agnes Ebbsmith's famous tirade about the Bible: "I suppose I *was* mad once for a little time, years ago. And do you know what drove me so? [*Striking the book with her fist.*] It was *that—that!* . . . I'd trusted in it, clung to it, and it failed me. Never once did it stop my ears to the sounds of a curse; when I was beaten it didn't make the blows a whit lighter; it never healed my bruised flesh, my bruised spirit! Yes, that drove me distracted for a while; but I am sane now—*now* it is *you* that are mad, mad to believe! You foolish people, not to know—[*beating her breast and forehead*]—that Hell or Heaven is here and here! [*Pointing to the book.*] Take it!" But they wouldn't take it, her friends Gertrude and Amos. They were going away without it when they heard a frantic cry from Agnes: "Gertrude looks back and sees Agnes hurl the book into the fire. They go out. Agnes starts to her feet and stands motionless for a moment, her head bent, her fingers twisted in her hair. Then she raises her head; the expression of her face has changed to a look of fright and horror. Uttering a loud cry, she hastens to the stove, and, thrusting her arm into the fire, drags out the book." The act closes with Agnes "kneeling upon the ground, clutching the charred book."

Passages such as these give their author away. People saw that Mrs. Ebbsmith was leagues and leagues distant from the modern rebellious woman Sir Arthur Pinero took her for. But did he take her for just that? Did he take her for anything but a stage figure, whose function was to give an intellectually modish and modernish air to an old-fashioned picture of the familiar contest between Aphrodite and Mrs. Grundy? An exciting contest, no doubt, for one of Sir Arthur Pinero's gifts is the gift of interesting us in stories that mean nothing new, or even nothing at all, to the mind. Now Mrs. Grundy leads, now Aphrodite. The race is close. Who will win it? Such are the questions asked by the play, and the answer is this: Give Mrs. Grundy a Bible and she can't lose.

And so it came about that Sir Arthur Pinero was condemned and derided for his tendency to embellish his later plays with imitations of modern persons, modern tendencies, modern problems—none of which he had taken the trouble to understand. Thus, by appearing to declare that any half-understanding of life was good enough for the theatre, he betrayed disrespect for the art he had devoted all his years to. This has been his crime. And it has also been his misfortune. People who have found him insincere in great things have overlooked his sincerities—the fresh clear colors in Trelawney of the Wells, the character of Maldonado in Iris, the vein of poetry in Letty, the fine take-it-or-leave attitude that gives The Thunderbolt a place apart from all his other works. I wish somebody would revive The Thunderbolt, instead of The Gay Lord Quex, the close-calculating workmanship of which, extremely interesting to follow, never quite takes our attention off the play's peculiarity—a mixture of superficial "daring," of would-be upper-class cynicism, with the soliest respect for all the heavy proprieties.

Q. K.

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Books and Things

I AM sorry now not to have treasured every word that came from my poet. At the moment I disliked to play Boswell, I thought it beneath my dignity. But artists like Arnold Bennett who ply the note-book are not ashamed to be the Boswells of mediocrity. Why should I have hesitated to take notes of William Butler Yeats?

In the Pennsylvania station I had met him, as his host agreed, and I intruded on him as far as Philadelphia. I say intruded, his forehead wrinkled in tolerant endurance too often for me to feel that I was welcome. And yet, once we were settled, he was not unwilling to speak. His dark eyes, oblique and set far into his head, gave him a cryptic and remote suggestion. His pursed lips closed as on a secret. He opened them for utterance almost as in a dream. As if he were spokesman of some sacred book spread in front of him but raptly remembered, he pronounced his opinions seriously, occasionally raising his hands to fend his words. He was, I think, inwardly satisfied that I was attentive. I was indeed attentive. I had never listened to more distinguished conversation. Or, rather, monologue—for when I talked he suspended his animation, like a singer waiting for the accompanist to run down.

It was on the eve of The New Republic. I asked him if he'd write for it and he answered characteristically. He said that journalism was action and that nothing except the last stage of exasperation could make him want to write for a journal as he had written about Blanco Posnet or The Playboy. The word "journalism" he uttered as the ex-Czar Nicholas might now utter "vaudeville." He was reminded, he said, of an offer that was made to Oscar Wilde of the editorship of a fashion paper, to include court gossip. Wouldn't it interest Wilde? Ah, yes, responded Wilde, I am deeply interested in a court scandal at present. The journalist (devourer of carrion, of course) was immediately eager. Yes, said Wilde, the scandal of the Persian court in the year 400 B. C.

It was telling. It made me ashamed for my profession. I could not forget, however, pillars of the Ladies' World edited by Oscar Wilde which I used to store in an outhouse. Wilde had condescended in the end.

Yeats's mind was bemused by his recollection of his fellow-Irishman. Once he completed his lectures he would go home and a "fury of preoccupation" would keep him from being caught in those activities that lead to occasional writing. His lectures would not go into essays but into dialogues, "of a man wandering through the antique city of Fez." In the cavern blackness of those eyes I could feel that there was a mysterious gaze fixed on the passing crowd of the moment, the gaze of a stranger to fashion who might as well write of Persia, a dreamer beyond space and time.

"And humanitarian writing," he concluded, with a weary limp motion of his hand, "the writing of reformers, 'uplifters,' with a narrow view of democracy I find dull. The Webbs are dull. And truistic."

I spoke of the Irish John Mitchel's narrow anti-democracy and belief in the non-existence of progress, such as he had argued in Virginia during the Civil War. Mitchel, he protested, was a passionate nature. The progress he denied was a progress wrongly conceived by Macaulay and the early Victorians. It was founded on "truisms" not really true. Whether Carlyle or Mitchel was the first to repudiate these ideas he didn't know: possibly Mitchel was.

Yeats's one political interest at that time, before the war, was the Irish question. He believed in home rule. He believed the British democracy was then definitely making the question its own, and "this is fortunate." I spoke of Jung's belief in England's national complex. He was greatly interested. Ulster opposition to home rule he regretted. "The Scarlet Woman is of course a great inspiration," he said, "and Carson has stimulated this. His one desire is to wreck home rule, and so there cannot be arrangement by consent. I agree with Redmond that Carson has gone ahead on a military conspiracy. Personally, I do not say so for a party reason. I am neither radical nor tory. I think Asquith is a better man than Lloyd George—less inflated. He is a moderate, not puffed up with big phrases. He meets the issue that arises when it arises. . . . I object to the uplifter who makes other people's sins his business, and forgets his chief business, his own sins. Jane Addams? Ah, that is different."

His lectures he would not discuss but he spoke a good deal of audiences. In his own audiences he found no one more eager, no one who more knows, than an occasional old man, a man of sixty. He was surprised and somewhat disappointed to find prosperity go hand in hand with culture in this country. In the city where the hotel is bad there is likely to be a poor audience. Where it is good, the audience is good. In his own country the happiest woman he could name was a woman living in a Dublin slum whose mind is full of beautiful imaginings and fantasies. Is poverty an evil? We should desire a condition of life which would satisfy the need for food and shelter, and, for the rest, be rich in imagination. The merchant builds himself a palace only for auto-suggestion. The poor woman is as rich as the merchant. I said yes, but a brute or a Bismarck comes in and overrides the imagination. He agreed. "Life is the warring of forces and these forces seem to be irreconcilable."

It could cost an artist too much to escape poverty. I spoke of the deadness of so much of the work done by William Sharp and Grant Allen. He said it was Allen's own fault. He, or his wife, wanted too many thousand dollars a year. They had to bring up their children on the same scale as their friends' children! And he kindled at this folly. "A woman who marries an artist," he said with much animation, "is either a goose, or mad, or a hero. If she's a goose, she drives him to earn money. If she's mad she drives him mad. If she's a hero, they suffer together, and they come out all right."

Phrases like this were not alone. There was the keen observation that the Pennsylvania station is "free from the vulgarity of advertisement"; the admission of second hand expression in Irish poetry except in The Dark Rosaleen and Hussey's Ode; a generalization on Chicago to the effect that "courts love poetry, plutocracies love tangible art." Not for a moment did this mind cease to move over the face of realities and read their legend and interpret its meaning. Meeting him was not like Hazlitt's meeting Coleridge. I could not say, "my heart, shut up in the prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to; but that my understanding also did not remain dumb and brutish, or at length found a language to express itself, I owe to Coleridge." But the Yeats I met did not meet me. I remained on the periphery. Yet from what I learned there I can believe in the sesame of poets. I hope that some one to-day, nearer to him than a journalist, is wise enough to treasure his words.

F. H.

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The German Steam Roller

A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium, by Hugh Gibson, secretary of the American Legation in Brussels. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50.

WHAT makes this book so absorbing is, first of all, the quick narrative of the opening incidents of the war. The shift from peace to turmoil took place under Mr. Gibson's direct observation. Brussels was at the very center of the first whorl of the war, and Mr. Gibson at the very center of Brussels. At the point where the Belgians heroically met the impact of German arms, Mr. Gibson was an insider. He saw the Belgian wave overborne and crumbled. He saw the German torrent mount and swell and pour forward, leaving ruin behind it and Belgian wreckage in its backwater. He saw at its height the impulse and determination of the Belgians, "one of the finest races of our civilization," to keep their claim on Europe by fulfilling their bond to Europe, at the cost of fighting Germany step by step. Between Brussels and Antwerp, during the days when Germany had still to complete its work, Mr. Gibson passed repeatedly from the German-occupied city to the Belgian-occupied city, at the risk of his life, and knew the mind and spirit of both invader and invaded. The shock of events was at this time so stupendous, coming after such sustained and lulling peace, that Mr. Gibson was immensely alive to the tragic drama about him, and lost little of it in the diary that he found a chance to enter, and that is the basis of this palpitant book.

But what one gleans from this book, even more than the sensations of Belgium invaded—amplified as they are by numerous photographs and proclamations—is a pronounced impression of the Germany that invaded her, the Germans that went to make up that formidable force which Mr. Gibson observes so sensibly, with such disintegrating critical gaze. It is this power of Mr. Gibson's mind to register Germans, their words and deeds, which makes the drama not only exciting but lasting food for thought.

It is not simply that as secretary of the United States legation in Brussels, Mr. Gibson was in a good inside position to see and judge German behavior for himself. It is also that he has, with perhaps one reservation, the right to judge. A more incorruptible nature it would be difficult to conceive, and, besides this, his book shows him to be peculiarly discreet, level-headed, quickly responsive and sensitive, with just that admixture of simple courage and delightful, constant American humor which enables a man of such fine fibre to stand anything in life, and, although a member of so restricted and socially priggish an institution as diplomacy, he is not a snob. The only possible limitation to his judgment of the Germans is his own refusal of that intention. "This volume," he says, "is not a carefully prepared treatise on the war. It does not set out to prove anything. It is merely what its title indicates—a private journal jotted down hastily from day to day in odd moments, when more pressing duties would permit." Still, pretending to no sophistication and aiming at no judgment, an unaffected and undisguised record full of clear native good sense, it is testimony where testimony is badly needed—and it is the stuff of which national convictions are made.

Those convictions keep forming as the military Germans come into the narrative. Of course Mr. Gibson was in friendly relations with numerous Belgians before the war began, a friendliness which the invasion was bound to intensify, but his first services—the first services of the United States in invaded Belgium—were to terrified Germans of non-military and military age who were protected by America until the Belgians themselves sent them on special trains into Holland. It is gradually, after the impression of the frightened civilian wears off, that one receives a record of the military German almost too strong to abide. A record impregnably true.

One remembers how Irvin Cobb admired the military German at this time. It isn't difficult to see why, but Mr. Gibson's pages are thick with small incidents and large incidents of a character so repellant that the very name of German organization becomes sickening before the book is finished. One remembers H. G. Wells—"in the last hundred years, while we have fed on platitudes and vanity, they have had the energy and humility to develop a splendid system of national education, to toil at science and art and literature, to develop social organization, to master and better our methods of business and industry, and to clamber above us in the scale of civilization. This has humiliated and irritated rather than chastened us, and our humiliation has been greatly exacerbated by the swaggering bad manners, the talk of 'Blood and Iron' and Mailed Fists, the Weltpolitik rubbish, that inaugurated the new German phase." But it is the swagger, the blood and iron, the mailed fist, that come to the front all through Mr. Gibson's journal, an integral part of German militarism and German organization and tightly connected with the German scheme.

Almost the first note of this is struck by the German legation at Brussels on the eve of Belgian violation. "Stumm kept repeating: 'Oh, the poor fools! Why don't they get out of the way of the steam roller. We don't want to hurt them, but if they stand in our way they will be ground into the dirt. Oh, the poor fools!'" The proud German entry into Brussels is prelude to more of it. Mr. Gibson went to General von Jarotzky to arrange for cablegrams. "The general had established himself in state at a couple of huge tables. Here confusion reigned supreme. There were staff officers in abundance, but none of them seemed to have the slightest authority, and the old man had them all so completely cowed that they did not dare express an opinion or ask a decision." The steam roller was busy administratively. Brabant had to hand over $90,000,000 before September 1st. It was busy militaristically. "'All Belgians are dogs, and all would do these things unless they are taught what will happen to them. . . . We shall make this place a desert. We shall wipe it out so that it will be hard to find where Louvain used to stand. For generations people will come here to see what we have done, and it will teach them to respect Germany and to think twice before they resist her. Not one stone on another, I tell you—*kein Stein auf einander.*'" The white flag abused, a hospital burned, hundreds of civilians rounded up and shot, wounded civilians buried alive, nurses imprisoned and pettily persecuted—these operations of the steam roller Mr. Gibson comes across in the ordinary course of his neutral activities, operations conducted with a literalness of mind and a truculence of temper that is manifestly regarded as German. The supreme act of the military machine is, however, the execution of Miss Cavell. As to the illegality of this execution Mr. Gibson has strong opinions, but the particular point of his narrative is the dishonesty with which the act was surrounded and the assurance of the persons connected with it that it was the thing to do. Harrach's "only re-

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gret was that they had not 'three or four old English women to shoot.'"

The only thing distinctive in all this is the apparent conviction on the part of German soldiers that German purpose is superior to every other purpose, is itself a moral criterion, and justifies supine obedience as well as iron dictatorship. A Calvinism of the state, the German policy makes a principle out of callousness and thrives on violating so-called humanity. Everything that one includes in that word—the will to live and help live, imaginative sympathy, grace, style—the German military system grinds down unflinchingly, permitting sour excesses on occasion but never a consultation of rival wills. To that system, admirably designed for its object, the German people trustfully lends itself, and bayonets non-combatants if so ordered, and buries helpless but conscious wounded men, and commits what are usually considered inhuman crimes.

Is this a partisan view? American soldiers invented the fiendish water-cure. Patriotic Americans scourge pacifists with the whip and pour hot tar into their wounds, receiving for this indelible national disgrace only the mildest of official reproof. To minimize our own offenses is so natural that one hesitates to pass judgment, and yet Mr. Gibson's journal is so thick with Cromwellian brutalities that the sickening impression of a race enslaved to a government is deeply confirmed. Will defeat cure the situation? Mr. Gibson does not try to answer that question. He simply says, this is the situation as I personally saw it. And the reader pays him the fundamental tribute of believing everything he has seen to be well and truly seen.

F. H.

H. L. Mencken

A Book of Prefaces, by H. L. Mencken. New York: A. A. Knopf. $1.50.

MR. MENCKEN gives the impression of an able mind so harried and irritated by the philistinism of American life that it has not been able to attain its full power. These more carefully worked-over critical essays are, on the whole, less interesting and provocative than the irresponsible comment he gives us in his magazine. How is it that so robust a hater of uplift and puritanism becomes so fanatical a crusader himself? One is forced to call Mr. Mencken a moralist, for with him appraisement has constantly to stop while he tilts against philistine critics and outrageous puritans. In order to show how good a writer is, he must first show how deplorably fatuous, malicious or ignorant are all those who dislike him. Such a proof is undoubtedly the first impulse of any mind that cares deeply about artistic values. But Mr. Mencken too often permits it to be his last, and wastes away into a desert of invective. Yet he has all the raw material of the good critic—moral freedom, a passion for ideas and for literary beauty, vigor and pungency of phrase, considerable reference and knowledge. Why have these intellectual qualities and possessions been worked up only so partially into the finished attitude of criticism? Has he not let himself be the victim of that paralyzing Demos against which he so justly rages? As you follow his strident paragraphs, you become a little sorry that there is not more of a contrast in tone between his illumination of the brave, the free and the beautiful, and the peevish complaints of the superannuated critics of the old school. When are we going to get anything critically curative done for our generation, if our critical rebels are to spend their lives cutting off hydra-heads of American stodginess?

Mr. Mencken's moralism infects the essay on Conrad perhaps the least. With considerable effort the critic shakes himself loose from the clutches of his puritan enemies and sets Conrad very justly in relation to his time. "What he sees and describes in his books," Mr. Mencken says, "is not merely this man's aspiration or that woman's destiny, but the overwhelming sweep and devastation of universal forces, the great central drama that is at the heart of all other dramas, the tragic struggles of the soul of man under the gross stupidity and obscene joking of the gods." He likes Dreiser for the same reason, because "he puts into his novels a touch of the eternal Weltschmerz. They get below the drama that is of the moment and reveal the greater drama that is without end." Mr. Mencken discusses Dreiser with admirable balance, and his essay is important because it criticizes him more harshly and more searchingly than many of us dare to do when we are defending him against the outrageous puritan. The essay on Huneker is perhaps the most entertaining. If "to be a civilized man in America is measurably less difficult, despite the war, than it used to be, say, in 1890" (when Mr. Mencken, by the way, was ten years old), it is to Mr. Huneker's gallant excitement that part of the credit is due.

Dreiser and Huneker Mr. Mencken uses with the utmost lustiness, as Samson used the jaw-bone, to slay a thousand Philistines, and his zeal mounts to a closing essay on Puritanism as a Literary Force, which employs all the Menckenian artillery. Here Mr. Mencken, as the moralist contra moralism, runs amuck. It is an exposure that should stir our blood, but it is so heavily documented and so stern in its conviction of the brooding curtain of bigotry that hangs over our land, that its effect must be to throw paralyzing terror into every American mind that henceforth dares to think of not being a prude. Mr. Mencken wants to liberate, but any one who took his huge concern seriously would never dare challenge in any form that engine of puritanism which derives its energy from the history and soul of the American people. Mr. Mencken is much in earnest. His invective rises above the tone of scornful exaggeration. But his despair seems a little forced. I cannot see that the younger writers—particularly the verse-writers—are conscious of living under any such cultural terrorism as he describes. Mr. Mencken admits that the puritan proscription is irrational and incalculable in its operation. Surely as long as there are magazines and publishers—as there are in increasing numbers—who will issue vigorous and candid work, comstockery in art must be seen as an annoying but not dominating force. Mr. Mencken queerly shows himself as editor, bowing meekly under the puritan proscription, acting as censor of "a long list of such things by American authors, well-devised, well-imagined, well-executed, respectable as human documents and as works of art—but never to be printed in mine or any other American magazine." But what is this but to act as busy ally to that very comstockery he denounces? If the Menckens are not going to run the risk, in the name of freedom, they are scarcely justified in trying to infect us with their own caution.

The perspective is false that sees this persecution as peculiar to America. Was not Lemonnier prosecuted in Paris? Did not Baudelaire, Flaubert, Zola suffer? Did not Zola's publisher in England die in prison? Has not D. H. Lawrence's latest novel been suppressed in England before it had even a chance to be prosecuted here? It is England not America that has an official censorship of

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plays. Comstockery is not so much a function of American culture as it is of the current moralism of our general middle-class civilization. The attack must be, as Nietzsche made it, on that moralism rather than on its symptoms. But Mr. Mencken is not particularly happy in his understanding of Nietzsche. He wrote the book from which a majority of the Americans who know about Nietzsche seem to have gotten their ideas. How crude a summary it is may be seen by comparing it with the recent study of Nietzsche by another American, W. M. Salter. One wishes Mr. Mencken had spent more time in understanding the depth and subtleties of Nietzsche, and less on shuddering at puritanism as a literary force, and on discovering how the public libraries and newspapers reviewers are treating Theodore Dreiser.

Mr. Mencken's mode of critical attack thus plays into the hands of the philistines, demoralizes the artist, and demoralizes his own critical power. Why cannot Demos be left alone for a while to its commercial magazines and its mawkish novels? All good writing is produced in serene unconsciousness of what Demos desires or demands. It cannot be created at all if the artist worries about what Demos will think of him or do to him. The artist writes for that imagined audience of perfect comprehenders. The critic must judge for that audience too.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Dead Yesterday

Sonia: Between Two Worlds, by Stephen McKenna. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

MR. L. T. HOBHOUSE has already tried to picture the subtler changes of intellectual temper from the England of Gladstone and the Jubilee to the neurotic and lawless England of the pre-war period. It is an overdrawn picture, perhaps, yet nowhere does Mr. Hobhouse's insight better reveal itself than in his contrast of the Victorian conception of ordered growth with the Bergsonian idea of violent expansion. Not merely imperialistic adventurers, but labor and art too, had taken up with enthusiasm the doctrine of glorifying the desire and the impulse. The rule was to get what you want, express what you want—and devil take the hindmost, or your audience, if it was too dull to respond. Will future historians regard the eighteen nineties, culminating in the cinematograph life of 1910-1914, as a period of moral and intellectual decay? Certainly the novelists are beginning even now to take this somewhat patronizing tone towards the selfishness and the self-centeredness of the days before the great purgation. Will even generous and responsive minds, like Mr. Wells, have to go through their Soul of a Bishop period? The sub-title of Mr. McKenna's book, Between Two Worlds, is significant. There is the old world, the changes of the war, the strange hush, as it were, of mingled doubt and fear and radiant hope, and the new world of which we have as yet only seen the first glimmer of dawn. Mr. McKenna dwells for the most part on the old world, briefly on the transition to the new. And what the unborn tomorrow will be like he only hints. He does not indulge himself in the easy gift of sociological prophecy.

Fortunately, too, he has limited his canvas, and we are spared any amateurish attempt at the Balzac epic sweep. Mr. McKenna's lay figure hero who tells the story is frankly of and by the old governing classes. He goes to the oldest school, to Oxford, to Parliament, to London "society" as a matter of course. He makes his conventional and honest upper-class attempts to fraternize socially at least, if not spiritually, with the frayed edges of the sodden democracy. But he has to admit that he cannot, and retires to his exclusions and prejudices and political work, which even in his youth was still the expected noblesse oblige task of the aristocracy. He hasn't the experiential curiosity, the homesickness for the oppressed, of David O'Rane, the Irishman who carries away the honors and affections of all Melton and Oxford in spite of his jeers and his passion. David is the real hero of the book, although it is George Oakleigh who observes. Happily the observer hasn't any love affairs or any of the speculative introspective declaiming powers of the Gilbert Cannan or the D. H. Lawrence bewildered male. He is merely a reporter, and the chronicler of a dead yesterday of London balls, week-ends, smart set versus respectability—something of an adulterated Our Betters, such as Maugham pictured, and probably more truthful—tango, industrial unrest hectically shadowed in the overforced gaiety of the last two "seasons" before the war, the hard cynicism of baulked compassion—it is a veracious chronicle. Perhaps Sonia symbolizes that period best. From the soft beauty of adolescence she merges into the cigarette-smoking, hard-drinking, late-dancing, precocious maturity of a girl who played the whole game for all it was worth, but carefully. Even the faithfulness of David and the edge of an ugly adventure with one of her pet cat admirers did not disillusionize her or break her pride. It took the war to do that.

O'Rane hardly needed the stimulus of war. But he did need all his will and purpose to come back blinded from battle and begin again. Yet he does, and Sonia finally

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persuades him to let her begin it with him. Mr. McKenna hides no personal propaganda and disguises no special pleading in this story which moves steadily and evenly, like the diary of an able but uninspired man. He keeps it effectively objective, even outwardly prosaic. There is no shimmer to the style, no subtle, sensuous plea for beauty. The House is visualized as a newspaper man might; there is no rhetoric in the description of those unreal five days before war actually came, or the politics and changing temper of the times. It is a clean, historical record. Of course, Mr. McKenna has chosen to write Sonia in the bald narrative vein for purely artistic purposes. By making the everyday life of an artistocratic order that is passing so homely and friendly, by avoiding any quick, hot anger at the impeccable and stupid extravagance of silly routine, Mr. McKenna can vivify O'Rane's contrasting point of view more enduringly than by dramatic rant. If it is complained that O'Rane articulates no more effective protest against the existing order than a kind of digest of the sermon on the Mount, the answer is that the war has made that philosophy less naïve than before. The new world may be no more than a rediscovery of the neglected truths of the old. And there is something genuinely moving in O'Rane's last words, "I'll go out if need be, but—but *must* we stand at street-corners to tell what we have seen? To ask the bystanders—and ourselves—whether we went to war to preserve the right of inflicting pain?" H. S.

Imaginative Science

The Story Book of Science, by Jean Henri Fabre. Translated from the 19th French Edition by Florence Constable Bicknell. New York: The Century Co. $2.00.

M. FABRE'S famous book has often been criticized as arousing vicious anthropomorphic habits of thought in children. Of course few would question that in his scientific studies of insect life M. Fabre does suffer from an excess of his virtues. So lively and dramatic an imagination is not easily kept under by the sharp curb of logic. But what may be mere intellectual waywardness for maturity is often the compelling attraction to children. Who will doubt that children anthropomorphize everything in any case and that they will eternally continue to do so? It is better that they should read the man of science who knows how to take a holiday than the deliberate and patronizing author, "writing down." Curiosity and the love of a story are here blended in just proportions. Miss Bicknell has furnished a competent English translation for a book that has delighted thousands of French children, and the Century Company has done its share by publishing it on good paper in admirably clear type.

Contributors

to this issue

WILLIAM HARD is a graduate of Northwestern University, Illinois, and has also studied in England. He has contributed articles on economics and politics to various periodicals and is the author of The Women of Tomorrow.

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November — READERS' ALMANAC

24	Sat.	**Weather Folk Lore** Early lamps burning So soon the night falls, Leaves crimson turning, Make bright the stone walls. From *Sea Moods and Other Poems* by Edward Bliss Reed (*$1.00 net.*)
25	Sun.	*The Hostage,* the third of Paul Claudel's works to appear in an English translation, has but now been published, with an Introduction by Pierre Chavannes (*$1.50 net*). "'The Hostage' is the work of a great poet; it speaks to the noblest in us and can therefore only leave us nobler."
26	Mon.	Look to your wood-pile and your bookshelf—long evenings are upon you. Fill one shelf with the Yale Shakespeare, of which the first volumes are just done (*Much Ado About Nothing, Romeo and Juliet, Henry IV, Part I, Hamlet* and *King Lear*). Read in them the plays of William Shakespeare as set forth in the Craig text with notations by the Faculty of English of said University. (*Pocket Edition, 50 cents net per volume.*)
27	Tues.	In the year 1785 Fanny Burney wrote of one Richard Cumberland: "How has he got these two characters—one, of Sir Fretful Plagiary, detesting all works but those he owns, and all authors but himself; the other too perfect even to know or conceive the vices of the world?" Stanley T. Williams of the Faculty of English mentioned above has assembled from the neglect into which they had fallen the facts of Cumberland's life and work which make up the alluring riddle of his literary personality. (*$3.00 net.*)
28	Wed.	*Broom Fairies* have been seen about since the twenty-fourth of October. They are said to have come from England, a whole troupe of them—one thousand. It is predicted that by Christmas-time they will have vanished. Catch them while you can. (*The Broom Fairies and Other Stories, by Ethel M. Gate, $1.00 net.*)
29	Thurs.	Though 1917's Thanksgiving be turkeyless, one may be cheered by the thought that after dinner *There's Pippins and Cheese to Come.* Such savory viands as these are best relished when served in leisurely fashion to a cozy group before the fire. (*By Charles S. Brooks, $2.00 net.*)
30	Fri.	**"He that would live at Peace and Rest Must read and see and say the Best."*** A worthy motto for the day of St. Andrew.

* Those who are heedful of the admonitions of proverbs were wise should they watch for the publication of *Divers Proverbs,* collected from the writings of one Nathan Bailey and to be issued from the Press of Yale College in this month at the price of one dollar.

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